A

GARLAND;

Containing four excellent new Songs.

1. Kiſs the Cold Winter away.
2. The Quietus.
3. The Lucky Eſcape.
4. The Lark had proclaim'd the new Day.

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KISS THE COLD WINTER AWAY.

A New Song.

HEY for a laſs and a bottle to cheer,
And a thumping bantling every year;
With ſkin as white as ſnow,
And hair as brown as a berry;
With eyes as black as a ſloe,
And lips as red as a cherry.

CHORUS.

Sing rouſy, touſy,
Rantum, ſcantum,
Laugh and lie down is the play:
We'll cuddle together,
To keep out the weather,
And kiſs the cold winter away.

Laugh while you live:
For as life is a jeſt,
Who laughs the moſt
Is ſure to live beſt.
Sing rouſy, touſy, &c.

When I was nc ſo old
I frolic'd among the miſſes;
And when they thought me too bold,
I ſtopp'd their mouths with kiſſes.

Sing rouſy, touſy,
Rantum, ſcantum,
Laugh and lie down is the play:
We'll cuddle together,
To keep out the weather,
And kiſs the cold winter away.

THE QUIETUS.

By Mr. Dibdin.

RAIL on at joys that are not thine,
That thus thou leer'ſt with envy's blink;
'Tis not becauſe we drink good wine,
But 'tis that thou haſt none to drink.

What though two roads before us lie,
We on no crooked path ſhall fall;
For that we may not walk awry,
We'll drink till we can't walk at all.

Thou ſay'ſt that wine's th' cauſe of ſtrife,
That to the brain when it aſcends
We quarrel, ſo do man and wife,
And then, like them, we're better friends:

But here thou ſhalt not have thy will,
Nor coax good fellows to a brawl;
Rather than of our friends think ill,
We'll drink till we can't think at all.

Thou call'ſt the glaſs a foe to love;
Why, fool, 'tis Cupid's deareſt boaſt:
What fair did celebrated prove,
Till celebrated as a toaſt?

But imperfection ſhould there be,
That ſometimes to their lot may fall,
Rather than faults in ladies ſee,
We'll drink till we can't ſee at all.

Thou ſay'ſt that treaſon lurks beneath,
And our convivial pleaſure ſours;
Thou lieſt, that monſter does not breathe,
That dares prophane a king like ours:

But our firm loyalty to prove,
And choke thee with thy ranc'rous gall,

Rather than in a faction move,
We'll drink till we can't move at all.

Yet, after all, abuſe our joy,
Indulge this cynic ſpite of thine;
When thou haſt ſaid thy worſt, old boy,
Thou can'ſt not ſay we drink bad wine.

We envy no man's pleaſure, we;
Still ready at each generous call—
Nay, rather than ſpeak ill off thee,
We'll drink till we can't ſpeak at all.

THE LUCKY ESCAPE.

I That once was a ploughman, a ſailor am now,
No lark, that aloft in the ſky,
Ever flutter'd his wings, to give ſpeed to the plough,
Was ſo gay and ſo careleſs as I;
But my friend was a carpenter 'board a king's ſhip,
And he aſk'd me to go juſt to ſea for a trip;
And he talk'd of ſuch things,
As if ſailors were kings,
And ſo teaſing did keep,
That I left my poor plough to go ploughing the deep:
No longer the horn
Call'd me up in the morn;
I truſted the carpenter and the inconſtant wind,
That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

I did not much like for to be on board a ſhip,
When in danger there's no door to creep out;
I lik'd the jolly tars, I lik'd bumbo and ſlip,
But I did not like rocking about:
By and by came a hurricane, I did not like that,
Next a battle that many a ſailor laid flat;
Ah! cry'd I, who would roam,
That like me had a home,
When I'd ſow and I'd reap,
Ere I left my poor plough to go ploughing the deep;
Where ſweetly the horn
Call'd me up in the morn,
Ere I truſted the carpenter and the inconſtant wind,
That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

At laſt ſafe I landed, and in a whole ſkin,
Nor did I make any long ſtay;
Ere I found by a friend, who I ax'd for my kin,
Father dead, and my wife ran away:
Ah! who but thyſelf, ſaid I, haſt thou to blame,
Wives loſing the huſbands oft loſe their good name:
Ah! why did I roam,
When ſo happy at home!
I could ſow and could reap,
Ere I left my poor plough to go ploughing the deep;
When ſo ſweetly the horn
Call'd me up in the morn;
Curſe light upon the carpenter and the inconſtant wind,
That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

Why if that be the caſe, ſaid this very ſame friend,
And you ben't no more minded to roam,
Gis a ſhake by the fiſt, all your care's at an end—
Dad's alive, and your wife's ſafe at home.

Stark ſtaring with joy I leap'd out of my ſkin—
Buſs'd my wife, mother, ſiſter, and all of my kin.
Now cry'd I, let them roam,
Who want a good home;
I am well, ſo I'll keep,
Nor again leave my plough to go ploughing the deep.
Once more ſhall the horn
Call me up in the morn;
Nor ſhall any damn'd carpenter, nor the inconſtant wind,
E'er tempt me for to go and leave my dear behind.

THE LARK HAD PROCLAIM'D THE NEW DAY.

THE lark had prclaim'd the new day,
The ſun was like gold in the eaſt;
From milking I trip'd on my way,
When Damon purſu'd me in haſte:
Paſtora, ſays he, pray be kind,
And grant me a heart-cheering ſmile,
For you are the girl to my mind,
And I'll lift your pale over the ſtile:

His offer was not much amiſs,
Yet I frowned as virgins will do;
But when he attempted a kiſs,
I cry'd, Damon, what is it you do?

He gave me a civil ſalute,
And baniſh'd my frowns for a ſmile;
You'll gueſs, without any diſpute,
That he lifted me over the ſtile.

Of wedlock he talk'd, and all that,
And vow'd he would make me his wife;
I own I was fond of his chat,
And ne'er was ſo pleas'd in mylife:
His paſſion I found was ſincere,
And he did not mean to beguile,
To church then I went without fear,
So he handed me over the ſtile.

FINIS.

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